The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus···Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus

A Literary — News Weekly

VOL. LIV. FEBRUARY 11, 1927. No. 17.

1872--1927

Prom Number

Homecoming
Carl Wall

That Tyrant, Free Speech
Clarence J. Ruddy

"When You Say That, Smile"
John O'Neill

The Chicago Kid
Francis Collins Miller

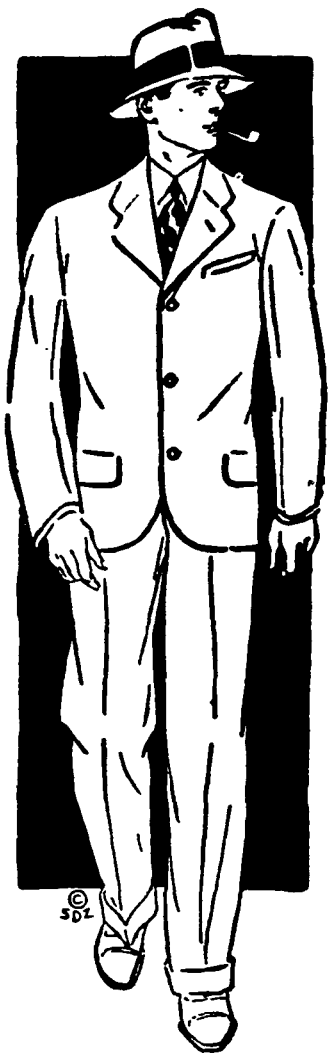
On Answering Letters
Karl Martersteck

Poems by The Golden Cytherea and Thomas Called Jimmy

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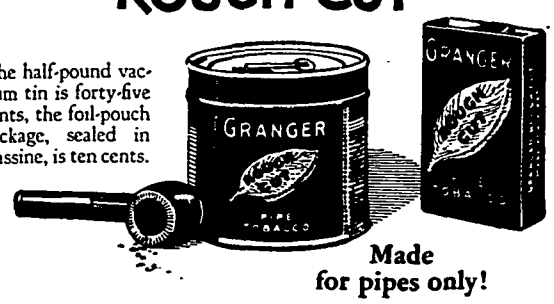
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VOL. LIV. FEBRUARY 11, 1927. No. 17.

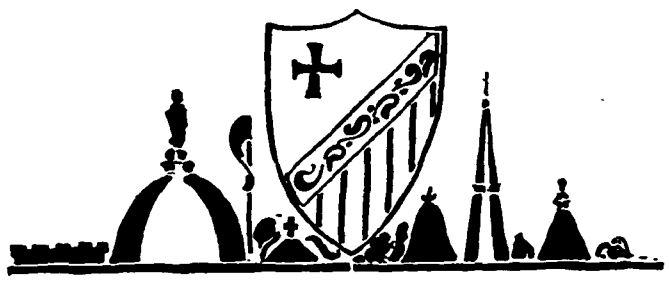
1872 = 1927

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Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.

The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men



To The Prom Girl

This night of nights is mine.
What matter it, if other nights come down
With all the ache and burden of sad days
I've held you in my arms—a moment mine.

No one can steal this night—
I have you now—one moment out of time;
One glorious rose stolen from the bush of death
I've held you captive for one mortal night.

What matters time to me—
What though the years may come with endless days
What though the weight of life may crush me down
You are a moment mine—one night for me.

This night of nights is mine;
The passioned music—echoes from my heart,
The murmuring voices—anthems to my queen,
This night of nights is mine—forever mine.

—FRANCIS O'TOOLE.

THE WEEK

The Junior Prom and the most active week end since homecoming makes the second week in the month of presidents appreciable even by the first year men. We've heard a great deal about the Prom and about those who are coming from San Antonio, Texas, to Calumet, Michigan, and if the stage setting means anything, tonight will be an event to be recalled in the years that are to come with pleasant retrospect. When the footlights display the decorated Palais ballroom and the couples move noiselessly across the glass-like floor to the harmony of America's contribution to the musical world, and the presence of one who pens such beautiful words in thin blue lines across a sheet of white gracefully glides across the narrow ballroom of the world with a third year man, those students will be fully repaid for having passed through the sophomoric stage of development. The juniors are presenting their second class dance; it is worthy of praise by any most severe critic, it is an accomplishment and addition to the social prestige of the university. Tomorrow it will be remembered.

When it snows it storms in Indiana and along with the Prom come two outstanding athletic events of the season. In the afternoon following, the track team will meet Illinois here. The only indoor meet of the year thus far was lost to Northwestern by a small margin when an unavoidable accident took place in the last event. Agaist the Illini tomorrow afternoon the Rockmen will prove their strength with one of the best teams in the Big Ten and the men from Champaign remember well that a great team has been a lasting tradition at Notre Dame. In the evening, the basketball team meets Franklin on our home court. This is the only team encountered so far this season that was successful in finding the long end of the score in their favor and from advance appearance a battle royal will result when the teams meet Saturday night. The Wisconsin game which the Keoganites won Tuesday night was broadcast from Madison play by play.

The varsity debating men were chosen the first part of the week with the result that the dust on the library shelves is being disturbed by students who would search for the truth. The teams this year are debating two different questions which necessitates more workers in the oratorical art.

The announcement of an Historical Number of the *Juggler* comes from the dressing rooms of the Funny Fellow. Les Grady plans to go over some of the outstanding characters in history for his newest effort in the field of collegiate humor. According to present plans the issue will be on sale the latter part of this month.

Announcements for the Notre Dame Anthology have been made and the usual misunderstandings accompany them. The only interest of the Scribblers Club in the book is that those men are to publish it. The contents will not be restricted to any one group of men but will be the best obtainable manuscripts of all Notre Dame writers. There are possibly just as many and more capable writers who are not members of the Scribblers as there are members of that club which only attempts to foster creative writing among the undergraduates on the campus. There is, most assuredly, a field for such work and such a book at our university and we feel that the plan can only result in a worthy accomplishment providing the men who can write will submit the best of their work to those in charge of the anthology.

There was a hockey game scheduled with Marquette for Saturday afternoon but unless the Indiana weather pulls a surprise play a baseball game would be much more acceptable.

—W.H.L.

The Junior Prom

The last nail has been driven and its echo has died within the folds of wine-colored portieres. Hands that have worked incessently for the past weeks in perfecting the setting are lying idle, their owners satisfied that their job has been done well.

Just over the line that divides dusk from utter darkness the far famed Indiana moon, always reliable, always romantic, refusing to be absent on such a night, is rising up, reminding us that the time is fast approaching —that soon the silence will be broken by soft strains of muted music and the indescribable, but delightful, sound of Cinderella-like slippers gliding lightly; so lightly that they hardly seem to touch the polished smoothness beneath—that soon soft light will be reflected in soft eyes, and light hearts will become lighter under the mystic spell of carnical and the exotic odors of rare perfumes—that soon the prom-dream of the Juniors will have started.





Miss Eve Van Etten of Chicago (left) will accompany Charles McCarthy, general chairman, and Miss Dorthy McKenna of New York City will be the guest of Maurice Conley, President of the Junior Class, at the Prom.

But now anticipatory excitement prevails. The prom is in the offing—in another world, so to speak. The Juniors are still in the world of reality. Comedy, dressed in the garb of tragedy, seeks openings and finds them. Mischievous collar buttons hide themselves where all-too-eager eyes cannot locate them. Tomorrow the thought of a lost collar button will seem triviial. Tonight the loser has all the symptoms of a raving maniac.

Frames that have become corpulent during the drowsy days are rebelling against half-forgotten formal attire. Blind date is reaching out toward blind date through that roguish and exaggerating medium, imagination. Hopes are born and die—hopes that have died are being born. Excitement reigns supreme. It is necessary that it should be so, with the prom in the offing.

Soon the efforts of Charles J. McCarthy, general chairman, his associated chairman and their assistants will be laid before the eyes of President Maurice B. Conley, and the Juniors and their guests. The committees have worked long and faithfully to

make it a performance that will be long remembered.

The Juniors and their guests will dance amid an effective garden-like setting done by Joe Doran and company. Musical arrangements are by Turk Meinert, an active gentleman in the musical world. On this occasion he has with him Joe Rudolph and his Rainbo Orchestra. It has been said they do nice things with musical instruments. Programmes and favors have been taken care of by Art Denchfield.

This afternoon a portion of the Palace was reserved for the juniors and their guests who attended the matinee. Tomorrow afternoon they will witness the clash of the Gold and Blue of Notre Dame and the Maroon and Black of Illinois on the track; and in the evening their hopes will be running high for a basketball victory against Franklin. All these special arrangements have been realized through the efforts of Bernard Zipperer of the arrangements committee.

But enough of this. We have taken too long. With disfavor shown against a grand march, we can, at the stroke of nine, visualize President Maurice B. Conley, of Fulton, New York, leading Miss Dorothy McKenna, of New York City, a sophomore at St. Mary's, in the first dance of the evening. Likewise, of Charles J. McCarthy, general chairman, of Morristown, New Jersey, who will be accompanied by Miss Eve Van Etten, of Chicago, a senior at St. Mary's.

Already the first bars of the overture are heard. The curtain is about to rise on the Junior prom and its promenaders. On with the dance. Best wishes to the class of twenty-eight. The same to the fair ones of the evening.

CULVER LITERARY DAY TO BE REPEATED

The Indiana Literary Field Day, which was inaugurated in 1925, will be repeated this Spring, it was announced by Brig. Gen. L. R. Gignilliat, superintendent of Culver Military Academy. The field day will be held at Culver again this year, with a committee of leading writers and artists having advisory and general supervision of the contests and the program. The date selected for the 1927 event is Saturday, June 4th.

There will be eight state-wide prize contests this year—three more than on either of the previous programs. The contests, as announced, are:

1. One-act play. Open only to undergraduate students of Indiana Colleges. Must be capable of production within 30 minutes and must not require change of scene.
2. Short story. Open only to undergraduate students of Indiana Colleges and to residents of Indiana between 18 and 24 years of age.
3. Scenario. Open to undergraduate students of Indiana colleges, students of Indiana high and preparatory schools and all other residents of Indiana over 15 and under 24 years of age.
4. Piano composition. Open to undergraduate students of Indiana colleges, students of Indiana high and preparatory schools, and all other residents of Indiana over 15 and under 24 years of age.
5. Poetry. Not over thirty lines. Open only to students of Indiana high and preparatory schools.
6. Essay. On theme of best means in the school or community for awakening interest in local and state government among the coming citizens of the state. Open to students of Indiana high and preparatory schools and to residents of Indiana between 15 and 19 years of age.
7. Editorial. On any theme pertaining to some timely and particular civic problem of Indiana government published in an Indiana high school or preparatory school student paper and written by a student of that school. Prize to the writer.
8. Landscape. For best Indiana landscape in oil, pastel or water color. Open to all residents of Indiana under twenty-four years of age who are not professional artists.

The official notice of these prizes, together with the value of each award and the rules governing each contest, will be sent out from the office of the secretary of the field day advisory committee within the next few days.

Prom Guests

Dorothy McKenna, St. Mary's
Madeleine Allen, River Forest, Ill.
Mildred I. Payne, South Bend
Elsie Murphy, Chicago
Irene McCague, St. Mary's
Lucille Redmond, St. Mary's
Mary Robinson, St. Catherine's
Katherine Wolverton, South Bend
Antoinette Langsenkamp, St. M's
Marigrace Crockett, South Bend
Kathryn Keefe, Oshkosh, Wis.
Katherine Krauss, St. Mary's
Martha Mary Brady, Vassar, Pa.
Mary Kane, St. Mary-of-the-Woods
Josephine McNab, South Bend
Jane Keally, St. Mary's—Woods
Catherine Daniels, St. Mary's
Hildegarde Von Barandy, So. Bend
Virginia Stanton, Northwestern U.
Mary Du Brul, St. Mary's
Kathryn Walsh, St. Mary's
Jane H. Hudson, New Trier Ac.
Bernice Reilly, St. Mary—Woods
Edna Deiner, Chicago
Marjorie Shimmers, St. Mary's
Kathryn Singler, St. Mary's
Katherine Butler, St. Mary's
Irene Watts, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Catherine Marwitz, St. Mary's
Lucille Schafer, Springfield, Ohio
Eloise McCarthy, St. Mary's
Gertrude Hummel, St. Mary's
Katherine Stanton, St. Mary's
Evangeline Glascott, St. Mary's
Dorothy Loshbough, South Bend
Lucille Heack, Chicago
Marian Dwan, Wellesley, Mass.
Kathryn Herringer, Chatsworth
Elna Doster, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Dorothy Walsh, Smith College
Evelyn Divol, Mishawaka
Agnes Holdrith, Detroit, Univ.
Alice Erickson, St. Joe, Mich.
Elsie Brichrecek, Holy Rosary
Kathryn Howell, South Bend
Lucile Miskewitz, Grand Rapids
Elizabet Lanby, St. Mary—Woods
Catherine Horan, Lafayette
Marg. Pendergast, St. Mary-Woods
Olivette Milliken, Chicago
Anne Loretta Meade, St. Mary's
Corine Roy, St. Mary's
Fay Clark, St. Mary-of-the-Woods
Mildred Mulcahey, St. Mary's
Irene Gilroy, St. Mary's
Marian Gish, South Bend
Frances Simanton, Ashland, Ohio
Janet Friday, Northwestern Univ.
Rose Martini, St. Mary's
Irene Quain, South Bend
Lucille Amiotte, St. Marys'
Alma Malwitz, Northwestern U.
Marian Rosenfield, Lorain, Ohio
Jean Railton, St. Mary's,
Virginia Cutherie, South Bend
Elsie Kelly, St. Mary's
Catherine Layden, St. Mary's
Lucile Boyd Snee, South Bend
Irene Staats, Northwestern Univ.
Mary Lou Flynn, St. Mary's
Mary Janette Crumley, St. Mary's
Dorothy McCulloch, South Bend
Lucille Boyd, Hammond
Margaret Shapoton, Detroit
Ruth Anderson, South Bend
Regina Mix, Loyola Univ.
Celas Freehill, St. Mary's
Margaret Kinerk, South Bend
Celia Creasy, Monroe, Wis.
Mildred Ronen, St. Mary's
Catherine Reister, South Bend
Alice Flannigan, St. Mary's
Beatrice Lamboley, Monroe, Wis.
Margaret Hansen, South Bend
Myrtle Tearney, St. Xavier Col.
Dorothy Spry, South Bend
Esther Collins, Holland, Mich.
Dorothy Talbot, South Bend
Le Verne Schweitzer, Peoria, Ill.
Rosella Eble, South Bend
Josephine Heorshman, Mishawaka
Erna Jacobs, South Bend
Emmy Knotts, St. Mary—Woods
Louise Parrot, Fort Wayne
Sara Onsted, Evansville
Frances Goeb, Chicago
Ruth Werland, Chicago
Frances Gillen, South Bend
Helen Haney, South end
Emma Quick, Mishawaka
Zola Mae Webster, Evanston, Ill.
Ruth Rockey, South Bend
Helen McDonough, Peoria, Ill.
Ethel Bates, Chicago
Helen Wall, Chicago
Laura Ann Kennedy, St. Mary's
Cecilia Zimmer, Bay City, Mich.
Mary Rita White, South Bend
Alice M. Cummings, Chicago
Teddy Logan, South Bend
Virginia Massey, South Bend
Dorothy Grede, St. Mary's
Louise Cotter, Indiana Harbor
Nancy Humble, South Bend
Marion Miller, South Bend
Mary C. Rolwing, St. Mary's
Martha Singler, South Bend
Mary Johnson, Smith College
Marian Hillbrain, South Bend
Margaret Hall, South Bend
Alice Reed, St. Mary's
Gertrude Mainahan, St. Mary's
Betty Connley, Martha Wash. Sem.
Margaret Stenrick, South Bend
Florence Dillon, Vassar, Chicago
Dot Bonderont, St. Mary's
Mildred Kosanke, Mundelein, Col.
Helen Graham, Chicago
Eve Van Etten, St. Mary's
Marg. O'Connor, St. Mary—Woods
Florence Donhahue, Genoa, Neb.
Dorothy Tuttle, Terre Haute
Elizabeth Halligan, Buffalo, N.Y.
Muriel Hogan, Chicago
Ruth Barrett, Gary, Ind.
Alberta Schellinger, Detroit
Elizabeth Emig, Evansville
Mary E. Ranh, Chicago
Aileen Kelly, Chicago
Evelyn Hill, Holy Rosary Col.
Mildred McKenna, South Bend
Julia Nile, Mishawaka
Ruth Schwartz, Elkhart
Rita B. Carlos, Joliet, Ill.
Evangeline Peterson, Chicago
Bernice Mason, South Bend
Catherine Loughman, Northw. U.
Helen Starin, Georgian Court
Mary McLachlan, Chicago
Grace Beck, St. Mary's
Mary Taylor, St. Mary's
Margaret Kane, St. Mary's
Lilyan Kane, Chicago
Elizabeth Sullivan, Chicago
Mary Jo Hart, Dunkirk, Ind.
Florence Quinn, St. Mary's
Isabelle Heckard, St. Mary's
Mary La Vague, St. Mary's
Lucille Michels, South Bend
Helen Cartier, St. Mary's
Isabelle Hamilton, St. Mary's
Josephine Doran, South Bend
Margaret Bechol, Muncie
Lucile Mead, South Bend
Mary Welter, Chicago
Mildred Oberlin, Chicago
Mary H. Miller, Wisconsin Univ.
Elsie Miller, Chicago
Sophia Wesley, South Bend
Kthleen Brigge, Manistee, Mich.
Louise Rose, South Bend
Ceil Luther, South Bend
Ann Merrefield, South Bend
Grace Gettigan, Toledo, Ohio
Olive Linquist, South Bend
Constance Wilde, Chicago
Bernadette Lavin, Chicago
Bernice Brinley, South Bend
Ruth Cookingham, South Bend
Gertrude Bosman, Wyandotte
Sarah K. McCaffery, Pittsburgh
Eleanore Vertin, Calumet, Mich.
Katherine Dittmor, Chicago
Alice Leary, Kiwani, Washington
Teresa Ryan, South Bend
Dorothy Randon, Clarksburgh,
Mary Van Wele, South Bend
Gertrude Peters, Amarillo, Texas
Anna Rogers, Galesburg, Ill.
Alice Rita Mahoney, Chicago
Mercedes Lynch, Spearsville, Kan.
Myrtle Kramer, St. Mary's

K. OF C. COUNCIL MEETS

Notre Dame Council, 1477, Knights of Columbus, held its regular semi-monthly meeting Tuesday evening, February eighth, at eight o'clock. The meeting was held in the Council's chambers in the basement of Walsh Hall. Grand Knight Bob Irmiger presided.

Grand Knight Irmiger discussed the feasibility of holding a dance in May under the auspices of the local Council. After spirited controversy among the members from the floor, it was definitely decided to put on a formal dance in the month of May, the exact date of the dance to be arranged for later. Next Grand Knight Irmiger announced that in May, too, an outing of the local Council, to be financed from the profits of the formal dance, would be staged.

Chaplain Father Gallagan then spoke briefly of several vital matters with which the Council is concerned. He was followed by Ray Hoyer, head of the Boy Guidance department of the University, who explained the Boy Guidance movement which now has taken hold firmly in many American colleges and universities. He pointed out that the Knights of Columbus first established scholarships for college graduates interested in Boyology, and that the University of Notre Dame first created a course in Boyology to meet the demands of the men to whom the Knights of Columbus scholarships were awarded.

When Mr. Hoyer had finished his informative talk, Grand Knight Irmiger turned the chair over to Lecturer Phalin. Phalin reported that the basketball team had won three games in the last six days. Then he introduced Professor Charles Phillips, the principal speaker of the evening, to the members.

Professor Phillips opened his talk in this way: "A fellow was talking to another fellow here at the University. The first fellow said: 'Phillips spoke last night, and it was not about Mexico.' "

Then Mr. Phillips enumerated some of the tenets contained in the report of Doctor Taylor, a protagonist of the Calles government in this country, and proceeded to refute them.

Apropos education, he quoted Taylor as saying that the Catholic Church had succeeded in keeping the Indian of Mexico in crass ignorance since 1519, when Cortez first walked upon Mexican soil. He refuted this statement by quoting non-Catholic historians of Mexico, who wrote that wherever the Catholics erected a church, alongside it a school was reared. He proved, too, again from the works of non-Catholic historians of Mexico, that the Church founded the first college in Mexico and the first school for the native Indians.

Professor Phillips then refuted the antediluvian "Inquisition" argument which is invariably brought up when the Church in Mexico is discussed among Catholics and Protestants. He proved that the Inquisition did not apply to the native Indian, and that the Church had commanded that no native Indian should be tried before the Inquisition. Hence, the Indians could not have been slaughtered by this means, as it has so often been alleged.

"Since the Calles government has taken over Mexico," Mr. Phillips declared, "the country has atrophied both socially and economically. The communistic, agrarian policy of Calles is chiefly responsible for this. Bolshevism has throttled Mexico; it has reduced it to the gasping, last-breath condition that was Russia's at the end of the World War."

The termination of Professor Phillips' talk was the signal for an ovation from his avid listeners.

"Jim" McShane and the local K. of C. orchestra then afforded the members with twenty minutes of amusement, interrupted only by the gulping down of coffee and the mastication of sandwiches.

Chaplain Father Gallagan closed the meeting with prayer. The next meeting of the Council will be held Tuesday evening, February fifteenth. The meeting has been advanced a week because the regular meeting night falls on Washington's Birthday.

A NOTABLE BOOK

It is a pleasure to announce that Longmans, Green and Company have just issued *Angela Merici and Her Teaching Idea,* by Sister M. Monica, Ph. D., '26. All who remember the author's brilliant public examination for her doctorate last summer could easily anticipate the wealth of material, the thorough scholarship, the fluency and aptness of expression that feature every page of this work; but only those who read it can realize the transformation that was wrought in the doctor's thesis.

Here we have a finished biography and an excellent treatise on pedagogy, the one nicely correlated with the other. An adequate understanding of Angela's teaching idea demanded a full account of the ways in which from girlhood to maternity she reacted to her environment under the abiding influence of Grace. In the early part of the Sixteenth Century the very foundations of Christianity were shaken by the social, political and religious upheavals that followed upon the shocking tenets of Protestantism, Humanism and Individualism. Particularly was the status of womanhood threatened when Divine Providence raised up Angela Meirci, Foundress of the Ursuline Order, to lead one of the strongest movements in behalf of the education of girls that the modern world has seen.

Sister Monica handles her subject with admirable art. Her writing possesses a directness and vigor that makes its smoothness and grace all the more striking. Her skill in managing to force trivial incidents to support her main theme is remarkable. Her work requires exhaustive research, yet in spite of copious notations and references, her story never lags, her arguments are never overburdened. Teachers in convent schools will be especially interested in the careful study of Angela's method compared with various more recent systems of noted pedagogists such as Pestalozzi, Hebart and Froebel.

In keeping with the excellent matter of the book the publishers have provided an unusually attractive format. It is with genuine pride that Notre Dame recommends to the reading public this volume by one of her graduates. —T.A.C.

BALL COMMITTEES CHOSEN

The Committees for the Senior Ball have been announced by Lawrence H. Hennessey, president of the Class of '27. Although the time of the Ball has not been definitely set the date will probably be early in May.

General Chairman—Michael P. McDermott.

Arrangements—William A. Hillenbrand, Chairman; William Holland, John Carey, Richard Halpin, George Mead, William Degnan, Robert Stephan.

Music—Anthony Gandolfi, Chairman; William Cate, William Loomis, Arthur Sullivan, Fred Deutsch, Thomas Conroy, Joe O'Donnell.

Tickets—Theon F. Dohogne, Chairman; Edward Broderick, Donald Fitzgerald, William Finucane, John Geary, Charles Beretz, William Davis.

Decorations—Joseph H. Dunn, Chairman; Ernest Wilhelm, William Halloran, A. C. Pettibone, Thomas Green, James McFarlane, Donald Lasky.

Favors—John G. Burns, Chairman; Francis Branson, John Hicok, Robert Sartl, Oscar Garza, Edwin Ryon, Thomas Nash.

Entertainment—William O'Keefe, Chairman; Robert Krebs, William Hearn, Frank McGee, Frank Klass, William B. Sullivan, Henry J. Corcoran.

Reception—Hugh F. McCaffery, Chairman; Robert Gavin, Edward McClarnon, W. W. McDade, John E. Sullivan, John Harty, Robert A. Roy.

Publicity—Walter W. Smith, Chairman; Neil Galone, Gerald Froelich, Francis J. Pendergast, Marc A. Fiehrer.

The University Museum is the recipient of the Pectoral Cross worn by Bishop McFarlane, third bishop of Hartford, Connecticut. This valuable contribution to the Museum is the gift of Mrs. Agnes M. Sullivan of Cleveland, Ohio, the niece of Bishop McFarlane.

ROCHESTER CLUB BANQUETS

The Rochester Club held another very successful banquet last Thursday evening at the College Inn in the LaSalle Hotel. Pat Canny, who acted in the capacity of feature speaker of the evening, touched on the intinerary of the football team to the coast last season to meet Southern California in a very spicy and entertaining manner. Assistant Coach Tommy Mills was also scheduled to speak but was unable to attend.

The success of the banquet is due chiefly to the efforts of Don J. Corbett, chairman of the committee, who acted as toastmaster. He was ably assisted by Joseph M. Geraghty and Mark J. Fitzgerald.

President John Brennan presided at an impromptu business meeting, just before the banquet closed, in which plans were discussed for a *Dome* picture and a dance to be held in Rochester during the coming summer.

The banquet closed with a group of songs by Ralph DeLeo accompanied by William Butler, who is a Notre Dame graduate now practicing law in South Bend. This is Mr. DeLeo's farewell appearance as a member of the Rochester Club. He left for his home last Friday where he will engage in business before entering the Albany Law School next September. —J.D.S.

DEBATERS GIRDING LOINS

When the call for debaters was sounded last November, approximately one hundred aspirants responded. Thereupon, these worthy gentlemen fell to hammer and tongs in the preliminary try-outs. The eliminations were concluded last week and twelve speakers remain, seven of whom are veterans. Mr. Joseph P. McNamara, Arthur Goldberg, William F. Craig, George Courey, James Keating and James McShane were chosen to uphold the negative with James Roy, Pierce O'Connor, William H. Krieg, John Stanton, John Dailey, and Clarence Buckley defending the affirmative. Rev. Michael Mulcaire has been selected to coach these men in the art of wrangling. The subject for debate this year is as follows: Resolved: "That Federal Grants-in-aid to the individual states by the Federal government be discontinued." The team will meet the Universities of DePauw, Purdue, Franklin, Creighton, Earlham and Marquette.—M.C.

GOPHERS HEAR "BACK HOME"

John Hogan, Joe Benda, Frank Mayer and Bud Boeringer, four men who uphold the honor of Minnesota on the N. D. gridiron, and Professor Charles Phillips, whose home is in Minneapolis, were honor guests of the Gopher Club at a banquet at the Oliver Hotel Wednesday, February 2. Professor Gilbert Coty, also a Minnesotan, was toastmaster and called on the four football men for short talks.

Professor Phillips was the speaker of the evening. He gave a very fine address on the subject, "Back Home" and it struck to the heart of every man present. Intermingling reflections on "back home" and sketches from his own experiences abroad, he held the hardy sons of the North Star under a spell for what seemed but a moment and ended while the audience was craving for him to continue.

Mayer left on the following day for Minneapolis where he has employment with the Northern States Power Company. Frank graduated at the end of the first semester.

Believing that not enough attention has been paid to men's upper lips, the Stanford *Chapparal,* humorous magazine of Stanford University, has inaugurated a whisker growing contest that will last for two weeks. Appropriate titles as well as fitting prizes will be bestowed upon the winners. Entrants will have their blanks counter-signed by the campus barber and may use any means to induce a bushy growth.

Numerous applications for admission to the University at next September are pouring in the office of the registrar in every mail. The student enrollment for next year will be limited to 2600. All applications are being tabulated and passed upon by the enrollment committee.

SCOTT ADDRESSES STUDENTS

Mr. Joseph Scott, noted Los Angeles attorney, and the recipient of the Laetare Medal in 1918, spoke before an enthusiastic audience in Washington hall, Thursday morning, February 3. On his return from the National Capitol, where he defended the Knights of Columbus' stand on the Mexican situation in a speech attended by many Congressmen, Mr. Scott stopped off at Notre Dame to say a few words to the students. With his fiery oratory he denounced the tactics used by the Mexican government, claiming that they are the result of bolshevistic doctrines. Carl Marx said that religion was the opium of the people, and this man is the patron saint of the southern country. Yet all law rests upon the maxims of faith. If there is no God, might instead of right rules. Children and property belong to the state. This false philosophy is the basis of anarchy, and the United States does not want such a dangerous regime at its door. "Bullets, not ballots, count in Mexico," Mr. Scott stated in commenting on conditions in that country. But since the United States has recognized Mexico, "we are interested in our illegitimate child."

Mr. Scott said college students must learn to fight for right, and oppose evil. Today this is very necessary for Catholics are misunderstood and abused. "Fear neither the devil on the earth, nor the devil under the earth, but do your duty and you shall obtain glory," Scott said. He closed his informal talk with the observation that people have just enough religion to hate one another, and not enough to love one another. —F.J.P.

CUPID HITS GUARD

Ray Marelli, star guard on the 1925 and 1926 editions of the Fighting Irish, and Miss Dorothy Willard, of Hill Street, South Bend, were married in the Log Chapel on Saturday, January 29th, by Rev. John O'Hara, Prefect of Religion. The names of the attendants have not been announced.

At present the couple are residing at the home of the bride's parents. Ray will continue his course at the University until June, when he will receive his sheepskin.

THOMPSON WINS PRIZE

Professor Ernest Thorne Thompson, Director of the School of Fine Arts at Notre Dame, was awarded a prize of fifty dollars for the best group of wood block prints entered in the Hoosier salon being held in the Marshall Field galleries in Chicago, Jan. 30 till Feb. 12. Mr. Thompson is a graduate of the Massachusetts School of Art, and of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. He has been associated with Notre Dame for five years, accomplishing much in the encouragement of art here. Mr. Thompson has devoted most of his time to painting, just recently turning to the field of wood cutting. His success in this department augurs well for future achievements in this field. The scenes portrayed by Professor Thompson in his wood cuts depict impressions he received while traveling in England and Holland last summer. The Chicago *Tribune* carries this story:

"John T. McCutcheon is three times represented in the salon. He is a vice-president of the association; a collection of his cartoons is on exhibit, and he offered a $50 prize for the best group of illustrations or wood block prints. Prof. Ernest Thorne Thompson of Notre Dame university won the prize with his collection of wood block prints, conspicuous among which was the picture of the fierce pirate, called "The Plumed Hat."

ENGELS JOINS ENGLISH FACULTY

Vincent D. Engels, of Green Bay, Wis., a member of the class of 1923, has returned to the University to become a member of the English faculty. Mr. Engels came to Notre Dame from Paris, where he had been associated with the Paris edition of the London *Times* as editorial writer.

Following his graduation from Notre Dame, Mr. Engels went to Green Bay, where he was engaged in newspaper work and lectured at Saint Norbert's College. In September, 1925, he resigned to go to Europe. During his stay on the continent he visited in Germany, Italy and Africa.

MONOGRAM SHOW NEWS

The De Luxe 1927 edition of the Monogram Show, the annual spring theatrical treat, will hold the boards of Washington Hall for three nights, Thursday, March 31, and Friday and Saturday, April 1 and 2, according to an announcement made by John Wallace, business manager of the production. Lester Grady and Vince Fagan will stage the show, and are busy preparing the various sketches.

Present efforts are directed toward making this year's show truly bigger and better than ever, and Wallace is planning to take the troupe on a barnstorming trip to the Oliver Theatre in South Bend and to St. Mary's, following the Washington Hall engagement. For several years the "Absurdities" have been a big attraction to residents of the Bend, and there is a generous demand from Notre Dame friends, residents of the city, that the popular production be exhibited in one of the theatres there. The St. Mary's engagement, if carried through, will be a new departure in local theatrical circles.

So far the cast has not been picked. Grady, Fagan and Wallace held a meeting on Wednesday evening, when the sketches were outlined and preliminary plans drawn up. Another meeting is billed for the near future, when the cast will be brought together for try-outs.

CHEM CLUB ELECTS

The Notre Dame Student Chemists' Club met on Wednesday evening, February 2, for the semi-annual election of officers. Frank Mootz was elected president, James O'Connor, vice-president, W. Toussaint, secretary, Wm. Degnen member-at-large, and Professor Frohning honorary president.

After the serious business of the evening was over, Mootz and Rich saw to it that the members were well supplied with smokes. Bob Bannon then entertained with some mystifying card tricks, and following this, eats were served. The meeting was perhaps the most enjoyable held by the club this year.

BOY GUIDANCE MEN RETURN FROM FIELD

Nine students of the Boy Guidance department have returned to resume their studies at the University following a five months' course in field work, during which time they were attached to various boys' recreation centers throughout the country.

The nine, who will complete their course and receive their degrees in June, and the centers to which they were attached, are: Arthur Bradley, Little Rock (Ark.) Boys' Club; Leon Furey, New York City Boys' Club; Duncan MacDonald, Pawtucket (R.I.) Boys' Club; Walter McKenna, Boy Scouts, Toledo, O.; Joe Greeley, Chicago Union League Club; Joe Beattie, Hull House, Chicago; Bill Knowles, Big Brothers' Association, Philadelphia; Joe Kerwin, Syracuse (N. Y.) Boys' Club; and Frank Olsen, Buffalo (N. Y.) Boy Scouts.

INTERHALL SPORTS UNDER BOY GUIDANCE MEN

Interhall basketball games will be played in future under the direction of the members of the Boy Guidance department, following arrangements made by Rev. E. V. Mooney, head of the Department of Physical Education. John Cody, George Neylon, Bill Murphy and Charles "Chuck" Ducey will officiate at the games upon assignment by Father Mooney.

If present plans are successful, the Boy Guiders will take over control of all interhall sports with the beginning of the baseball season. Efforts are being made to have students in the K. of C. course assigned as athletic directors to the various halls and to the Day Student unit.

With the addition of sixty students, matriculants at the beginning of the second semester, the registration at the University is now close to the 2700 mark, according to figures secured from the office of the registrar. Six students received their degrees at the mid-term graduation.

PROF. HINES AT CONFERENCE

Mr. James H. Hines, Ph. B., Professor of History at Notre Dame, represented the University at the Conference of midwestern colleges held at Depauw University, Crawfordsville, Indiana, Feb. 5. Discussion was held on the topic, "Aims For the Betterment of Economic, Social, and Political Relations Between Latin America and the United States." Such noted speakers as Dr. Inman of New York University, Mr. Rippy of Duke University, and Signor Amando of the Mexican Legation at Washington, D. C., addressed the representatives. The meeting is an annual affair at which discussion is held on some prominent international question. The conference is made possible by an endowment for this purpose, left by a late resident of Kokomo, Indiana.

ROY DEFENDS LAURELS

When William Breen, '77, inaugurated the Breen Medal for Orotary several years ago, little did he dream that a young man hailing from the very same town that he claims as his residence, would be adjudged it's winner if 1927. But such was fate, and so tonight, Mr. James C. Roy of the class of '27, by virtue of being this year's Breen medalist, is defending the laurels of Notre Dame at the state inter-collegiate oratorical contest at Evansville. Roy will compete with representatives from every college in Indiana for the honor of representing the state of Indiana in the national contest. He is a prominent member of this years' debating team that met Marquette University last night.

—W F.C.

A few facts concerning the Lemonier Library should prove interesting to some residents on the campus. The general circulation for January, 1926, was estimated at 2221 over and above 2328 reference books. In January, 1927, there were 2889 general circulation books and 2792 reference books. The attendance at the library in 1926 was 3099 as compared to 4078 for 1927. These statistics are a sufficient corroboration of the fact that there is a noticeable increase in library reference in every college.

VAULT RECORD FALLS TWICE; CARR HOLDS IT NOW

Close upon the announcement that Paul J. Harrington, captain of the Notre Dame track squad last year, had been named on the All-America track and field team for 1926, came two startling disclosures of the athletic activities of the lithe ex-captain.

A week ago Wednesday, competing in the Millrose Games, Harrington lifted himself 13 feet 5-8 inches for a new world's record.

Harrington had the honor of holding the record for only two days because Sabin Carr, the Yale athlete, swung over the stick at 13 feet 7 1-8 inches on Friday night and took the record back to the east.

Metropolitan track experts say that Harrington will undoubtedly be a reliable member of America's squad in the 1928 Olympic games at Amsterdam, Holland.

MILE CHAMPION AFTER NEW HONORS

Charles A. (Charley) Judge, winner of the Intercollegiate mile crown at the National Intercollegiate Games in Chicago last June, has returned to the University and will compete against Illinois tomorrow.

Judge defeated Gillette of Montana in 4 minutes 22.5 seconds last June to cop national honors. His victories over H. R. White and Ray Conger, middle western college stars, have been outstanding events in his track career.

Elsewhere in our columns will be a review of Sister Monica's *Angela Merici and Her Teaching Idea.* Sister Monica has been a student at summer school here for several years and Notre Dame is proud of the fact that she received her doctor's degree here last summer.

The Mac's hold an undisputed ascendancy in the Student Directory, numbering something like 137. Despite a few names like Smithberger and Peterschmidt, the 24 Murphy's, the 12 O'Brien's and a few Ryan's and O'Neill's justify the nomen, The Fighting Irish.

SCRIBBLERS DISCUSS BOOK

The Scribblers met in their room in the Library Monday evening of this week at 7:45. President Les Grady conducted the meeting. It was the best attended meeting of the Scribblers this year.

President Grady assigned papers to "Tom" Griffin and to Arthur Stenius to be read at the next regular meeting of the Scribblers.

Secretary Joe Breig got the meeting off to a good start by reading several communications concerned with the Scribblers' Copy Book. These communications were discussed and it was suggested that they be spread upon the minutes of the meeting.

One of the two gaps in the Scribblers' ranks was then filled. Frank Doan, sports editor of the SCHOLASTIC, was selected to fill it. Frank is active in *Dome* work and has done literary work for other campus publications. Due to a chronic deadlock among four men, the other gap was not filled Monday evening.

President Grady announced that the winners in the Scribblers' Poetry Contest would be awarded their respective prizes at a banquet to be held next Monday evening in the La Salle Motel. At this banquet business matters will come in for discussion after any food that might be served has been consumed.

One of the most pleasing features of Monday night's meeting was the presence of two Scribblers of others years. They were "Jim" Armstrong, present editor of the Notre Dome *Alumnus* and secretary of the Alumni Association, and "Jerry" Holland, newspaper representative of the South Bend *News-Times*. Both men immediately made themselves at home and took part in the various controversies that arose to the edification of the more recent Scribblers.

"Jack" Mullen read a short story entitled "Strayed." It had not to do with a cat, but with a hobo. The story was very well received. Professor Charles Phillips was able to criticise it only cursorily because of an engagement he had at nine o'clock. —L.R.M.

ADDRESS COMMERCE MEN

Charles A. Bonniwell, Director of Sales for S. W. Strauss and Co. of Chicago, who addressed the students of the School of Commerce on Thursday, Feb. 3, will return to the University on Thursday, Feb. 24, to give the second of his series of three lectures. His subject will be "Creating Consumer Acceptance." On March 19 he will speak on "Securing a Position," the final address of the course.

Mr. Bonniwell's first lecture, on "Selling Yourself," which dealt with personality and the human quality in scientific selling, was well received by the Commerce students, who are looking forward to the speaker's return.

BOY GUIDERS ELECT

The Boy Guidance class of 1928 organized recently, with the following officers elected: President, Lester Flewelling, Reedley, Cal.; Vice-president, Peter Merloni, Framingham, Mass.; Secretary-Treasurer, C. J. Ducey, Olean, N. Y.

Among the recent activities of the new organization was a testimonial dinner tendered to Rev. Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., president of the University, upon the eve of his departure for Europe. The dinner was held in the College Inn of the Hotel La Salle. Brother Barnabas, New Haven, Conn., national executive secretary of the Knights of Columbus, and the organizer of the K. of C. Boy Guidance course at the University, was present.

The religious turn of mind of the Notre Dame man is again in evidence. Father O'Hara reports that 138,585 Holy Communions have been received during the first semester, from September to February. This is an increase of 13,632 over the number received during the first semester of last year. The daily average for the half just ended is 1145, an increase of 129 over the first half of the preceding year, when the average was 1016 per day.

HOBNAILS

INTERPRETATION OF M. L.

In dimmed lights
Of the ballroom
I watched her.
Gay
Beautiful
Ethereal
As an elf
Dancing
In an April
Mist.
Graceful
As a summer cloud
Drifting
Lilting
Caressing distant hills.

Her face
A
Joyous song
Beautiful
With rippling laughter.
Eyes
That danced
To the undulating strain of
Entrancing music;
And her hair
Faintly scented
Deliciously sent one
Careening
Through Oriental gardens
And cool,
Sun-splotched forests.

In the dimmed lights
Of the ballroom
I watched her
And wished. —FRANGELICO.

TONIGHT

Sweet, the days are passing; Winter's passing, too.
Wonder what the spring-time will bring to me and you?

Wonder if the fantasies and dreams I have tonight
Will blossom in the spring-time, or die from Winter's blight?
Wonder if the precious moments of today
In the spring will seem a million years away?

Happiness is fleeting—the future darkly towers.
Let's forget the future, Sweet; enjoy these priceless hours! —PORPHYRO.

We are rather proud of Morrissey Hall. Like the tide of empire, the center of Notre Dame literary production seems to be moving westward. Besides housing a Culver prize winner, the editor of the SCHOLASTIC, one of the editors of the *Dome*, members of the staffs of all three campus publications, and six Scribblers out of eighteen, Morrissey clinched the local literary honors by scoring a slam in the Poetry contest. We defy the ancient and traditional Badin, Sorin and Corby to equal our record, and wonder when they will start donating trophies for champion essay teams. —STUB.

SONG

(To a February wind that has blown one's hat into the mud.)

Let the wind blow—
March winds blow so:
April is nigh
And the blue sky
Promises spring-time, and
Hills climbed on high.
Eros is stringing
An idling bow;
Golfers are swinging
Their clubs in the snow.
Let the wind blow—
March Winds blow so! —KOPI.

CYRANO—WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE?

Are you sure you want hot coffee?
Do you ever slam the door?
Are you pleasant in the morning?
Will a blonde become a bore?
Have you any other sweethearts?
Will you can 'em all for me?
(I want a tall Chicago man—
Perhaps—we can agree—) —VAMPIRE.

Hush, Vamp! This is prom week and *one* of the guests might hear you! We must keep this thing strictly on the q. t.; (whisper) blondes are never bores.

PRAYER FOR A POET

Lord, show also unto me
The beauty that all men can see;
And, if my soul grow warm with this,
The beauty that the others miss;
And, if I still hold merit then,
The art to show my fellow-men.

—MARLBORO.

If you haven't chanced to notice, this is the Homecoming number of "Hobnails." On the next page we have an exceptional short-story with that title, and Kopi and Vampire have returned to the fold after long absences. Something tells us that it is about time for Howard Haller to come through with a little of his characteristically constructive criticism. —CYRANO OF CHICAGO.

LITERARY

Homecoming

Fate Tangles a Few Loose Threads

CARL WALL

BIGGS, his wife and the kid were back for homecoming. It hadn't been long since he'd left, but a great deal had happened in that short while. He had built up an enviable repuation for himself in insurance. . . joined the Elks, Eagles, Moose, Rotary Club of Oswego, bought a Buick, fell in love, got married, and had a kid.

Of all these intricate accomplishments perhaps the easiest was the process of falling in love and getting married. Biggs himself would tell you that he always was a handsome devil, had a way with the women, and the fact that he was a "big shot" in his class, quarter-back and all of that made him absolutely irresistible. So that when he came back to Oswego after graduation it was nothing at all for him to convince Ethel Perry "the nicest girl in town" that she was destined for him from the start.

He had fallen in love in a matter of fact way and after a short honey-moon to Flint they settled down in a certain niche cut for them by Ethel's father who was also in the insurance business.

All morning the three of them had tramped around the campus. Then Biggs took them to the trophy room. There they stood gawping before a large, framed group picture of the 1915 team.

"See if you can find me."

"Let me see. . . no—o that isn't you. . . nor. . . "

"O. . . ah ma-ma there he is. . . there he is."

"No it isn't, Flora that's the coach. There I am, next to the big fellow with the ball."

He pointed with pride.

They walked on through the trophy room, pausing. . . guessing. . . pointing. . . walking. . . pausing. . . guessing. . . pointing. . . walking. . .

After dinner at the hotel they sat in the lobby watching the crowd. After a while Ethel with her eyes on the gay, swirling group asked:

"What are we doing to-night dear?"

"Oh, I don't know, what do you want to do?"

"Why there's a dance somewhere isn't there. I heard some men talking a while ago about it, why couldn't we. . . "

"Dance! Who the devil wants to dance. I'm too tired."

"Well, what do you want to do then?"

"Why I had thought of looking up some of the old boys and having a talk with them. You could leave Flora at Aunt Mame's and go to the show or something. I'll be back early."

"Yes, I could leave Flora at Aunt Mame's."

That night there was a dance at the Sioux House. A small orchestra wove a skein of throbbing music. It threaded through the spacious halls, up cluttered stairways and now and then broken threads of melody reached the ear of Biggs as he sat above in the crew room. . . alone.

Tonight Rotary. . . Oswego and premium policies seem far away. That music. . . it throbs. . . it brings back memories of prom nights. . . strolls over silver patched walks. . . lovely lips. . . dark eyes. . . promises made. . . and forgotten. When life was a harlequin. . . a coin in the air. . . dreams were all that seemed real. . .

It was quieter now. Shadowy couples were finding secluded nooks. Someone quietly sat

down at the other end of the lounge. He covertly swept his gaze floorward. . . lovely ankles. . . sheer silk. . . a knee. . . black satin. . . beautiful hair. . . beautiful nose. . . beautiful mouth. . . beautiful eyes. . . beautiful dream.

Low, tempting music swung again into the air. Biggs took out a pack of cigarettes. He could tell that she was watching him. . . perhaps. . . these kids. . . he offered her one . . . she accepted.

As she bent over the match a faint perfume rising from her hair haloed the air. . . she straightened. . . her eyes met his. . . soft, luminous, glowing. . . long lashes drooped. . . she drew away.

A lilting melody stole through the door. Biggs drew heavily on the cigarette. The paper sizzled and cracked. . . music. . . memories. . . incense of fragrant hair. . . he closed his eyes. The years were slowly drifting back.

They sat for ages in silence. . . then:

"May I have the next dance?"

"Why. . . yes!"

They moved slowly out of the room and down the winding stairway.

She was a wonderful dancer. Her lithe young body swayed in perfect rythm to his . . . how different from Ethel with her stodgy waist and clumsy following.

Again they were in the crew room. . . she was closer to him now. . . somehow his arm had found its way around her. Her head, a cloud of fragrant perfume rested on his shoulder. He kissed her. . . her lips were soft. . .

God! He wished that he might throw the years back. Tomorrow there would be no classes. . . he could sleep in, and then a late breakfast. . . a morning paper. . . idly read . . . a lazy cigarette in the sun by the window. . . but he couldn't. . . he was married. . . a kid. . . insurance policies. . . interest. He was sick of it all. Why couldn't he forget . . . forget Ethel with her thickening ankles . . . her frowsy hair at breakfast.

There were times when he had dreams of seeing Gibraltar by moonlight. . . Taj Mahal at dawn. . . the pyramids. . . of one arm around some fair Spanish senorita . . spider like bridges. . . shining rails of steel . . . over vast steppes. . . but here he was Biggs of '15, the man about campus, the dashing Don Juan, and all around man married to a woman who was getting fat. . . wore her hair bobbed in crude imitation of someone a great deal younger. . who slopped to breakfast in her bedroom slippers. . . and always in that red kimona. . . He was thirty-five. . . life was before him. He wasn't old, just in his prime. Why couldn't he break away . . . others were doing it. . . you read it in the papers every day. . . Reno. . . cold feet in the back or something like that. . . a quick decision. . . alimony and it was all over. The kid? He loved her, but Ethel loved her more. . . she could have her. It was cruel but life lasts a life-time. . . and. . . well. They could be cared for by alimony . . . enough. What did he owe Ethel anyway? If she hadn't married him, she probably never would have married. . . just gone on being the "nicest girl in town'. . . perhaps got a job as librarian or something like that. . . saved money . . . played bridge. . . and grew fat. . . alone. He had shown her a good time of it. . . nothing had been too good for her, but she just wasn't meant for him that was all. . .

Well. . . that's what he would do, get a divorce. It was easy. . . and best. He couldn't very well keep on having breakfast with her all the rest of his life. . . it was impossible.

The soft body of the girl moved restlessly . . . He kissed her.

Two men came into the room. Looking idly around they passed from picture to picture.

"That's Bartley No. 3. You remember him!"

"Yea, great boy."

"There's McHugh, captain of '14. Here's the old '98 gang. Remember those funny striped shirts they wore?

"Who's this? Musta been after my time."

"That's Hodges, the best stroke we ever did have, a peach of a fellow, class president, captain and all that."

"That isn't the Hodges of New York that's

the president of a couple of stock companies and a bank or two is it?"

"No, but it's his old man. He had plenty of dough, but you never knew it, never ran around much. Funny about that guy. . . we were talking about him just the other day and this Davies, you know Chip Davies . . . sure you do. . . the real tall guy. . . with. . . "

"Oh yeah!"

"Well, this Davies was telling us all about him. You know he used to room with Hodges. . . it seems. . . he only loved one girl. . . but she had someone else. I forget who it was, some fellow went here. . . Briggs. . . or Baggs or something like that . . . Well anyway he only loved her, couldn't see anyone else although there were quite a few who'd been plenty glad to get him."

"There's plenty of 'em out for the dough. He must have had a string after him."

"Well anyway, she wore his pin. Then tried to give it back to him. . . He told her to keep it because there'd never be anyone else anyway. He went someplace and tried to forget. . . then one year he came back to see her. She'd been married to this fellow . . . let's see what was his name. . . lemme think. . . That's the way I am, Roge, I can't remember worth a damn, but I'll keep trying all night. . . It's on the tip of my tongue. . . well it don't make any difference. . . Biggs that's it!"

"Yea?"

"Yea."

"What kind of a guy was he? He must have been pretty well up to make her throw down this Hodges for. . . "

"Hell no! He was just a funny little guy; one of his ears stuck out kinda funny. Always wore his monogram sweater. A subquarter or something like that, sort of a Carl Campus. He didn't have any dough either. The only reason I could ever. . . well you know. . . this home town stuff."

"Women are like that. Seen him around lately?"

"Who?"

"Hodges."

"Yea. Saw him at the game today. Looked kinda happy; might have had a date with her tonight or something."

The two men went out of the room.

The girl moved restlessly in his arms. Biggs looked at her, then slowly got up and walked out. He went downstairs to the dressing room, took up his coat and hat. On the way out he paused, then turning up his coat collar and with careful carelessness, tilting his hat over one ear, he left.

He was in bed when his wife came in. She quietly entered and turned on a small light over the mirror.

She looked at the head of streaked brown, the open mouth, the funny little ear so lopsided against the pillow. . . and sighed just a little bit.

A wistful look stole into her eyes as she slowly unpinned from the bodice of her frock a small jewelled pin and placed it back in a little worn, plush box.

That Tyrant, Free Speech

A Criticism of An All Too Easily Accepted Institution

CLARENCE J. RUDDY

ONE of the attendant effects of a republican form of government seems to be a highly developed power of criticism. To a certain extent this is natural and necessary; indeed, the moderate exercise of criticism is at the very base of popular government. The gravest accusation ever made against a monarchy is that it stifled discussion of public affairs and endowed kings with infallibility. Men as men were allowed no rights; Aristotle himself described slaves as "animate tools" and declared that some men were born to command and some to obey. Life had no value; the Roman kings ordered husky slaves into the arena to battle hungry lions. Power was the only thing respected; everything was held subject to it. But this state of affairs, unnatural as it was, could not last indefinitely; and philosophers eventually discovered that there is really no intrinsic difference between a peasant and a prince. Finally it was seen that each man possesses certain rights which arise from his very nature. These rights are unalienable; they must be respected and protected. The only efficient method of protecting them is by government; the protection of natural rights is in fact the only excuse for government. But monarchs—having had a positive genius for exalting themselves and abasing others—had conveniently overlooked that; so some other kind of government must be instituted. Eventually kings were displaced—some by the simple art of persuasion, but most by a sharp knife—and republics were established. The people are the best guardians of their own rights, and can best stipulate how they shall be protected. They themselves should tell the government what to do. But how insist upon rights and petition relief without the ancillary right to unhampered speech? Obviously, there was no answer. So free speech was granted. The American guarantees of free speech are found in the First Amendment to the Federal Constitution and also in the various State Constitutions.

All political writers hailed the First Amendment as a great victory, and immediately proceeded to utilize it to the highest degree. One public measure after another was openly and earnestly discussed and noteworthy reforms resulted. But the writers did not cease their labors at that point. When the more obvious evils—such as imprisonment for debt and punishment by legislative act—were eliminated, the critics suggested reforms not so obvious and not at all political. Each new subject of condemnation has strained the theory of free speech a little, until it is now considered an absolute right, itself as great as the right to liberty and property. If anyone arises to defend endeared institutions, he is quickly shouted down with cries of "Let us alone! We can say what we want to! Free Speech!" Modern writers have neatly construed the sanction contained in the First Amendment to be a tacit permission to condemn everything, and have expressed opinions on subjects of which they really know nothing. Free Speech is a dogma, not to be questioned. Under its protection every statement, no matter how devastating, is considered privileged. Interference with long-established institutions has become a habit; nothing is too sacred for criticism.

A glance at any contemporary magazine—not to mention the newspapers—must convince anyone of the truth of this charge. Some writers flay the whole system of modern education, and are joined by the "self-made man." Others assert that modern industry is at once nauseatingly vulgar and grossly immoral. All of the professions come in for their share of the venom: doctors are accused of crass ignorance of social needs because they insist too much on race-propagation; professors are men who unload Utopian theories on earthly students; and

lawyers are hypocritical tricksters. The fact that each of these professional men believes his own theories to be right because they are reasonable, is considered no defense. Logic itself is called an artificial science. Old institutions are viewed with suspicion instead of with reverence. The state is urged to usurp the functions of religion and to make everyone legally responsible for private, personal morals . . . And after all, why not? A writer in a recent issue of *Harper's Magazine* frankly labels her article: "Wanted: A Substitute for Righteousness" and calmly proceeds to develop her thesis. Religion, she contends, is but an anachronism, and must soon give way to more enlightened theories, As if we who live to-day are a different manner of beings entirely from those poor unfortunates of a century ago who accepted God as a matter of course! But if religion *is* out-of-date, as she says, then certainly the state must legislate morality. If a man has no moral superior, he must have a secular one. There must be some restraint somewhere . . . All of the institutions heretofore considered sacred have been stoned by infidels who justify their attack specifically by some vague reference to a "public good" and generally by that specious dogma, Free Speech.

From a shield forged to protect individuals against oppression, freedom of speech has been transformed into a weapon used to attack everything too refined for popular appreciation. Because industry is too big for ordinary conception, it is derided. Because professional men have learned that enduring good must not be sacrificed for expediency, they are condemned. Because God is invisible, He is denied. And because the state, after all, is fairly tangible, it is glorified. Then, once it is worshipped, its functions are expanded. But with each added function of the state, there is a corresponding reduction of individual rights. For instance, a permission—granted by people who believe what they read—to the state to pass eugenic laws effectually denies certain persons the right to marry. . . . Free speech has generated all these attacks. Thus, although free speech once was a guarantee of individual rights, it is now a denial of them.

That free speech has its evils cannot be doubted. Yet it must not be supposed that the abolition of the First Amendment be recommended. Free speech is capable of infinitely more good than harm. A theory right in principle, even though abused in practice, should nevertheless be maintained. Individuals of a good principle can be curbed, but a wrong principle can never produce anything but evil effects. So the First Amendment must be kept intact. Neither is direct appeal to destructive authors advisable; they would reply that they can take care of their own business perfectly well, thank you.

What then *is* to be done? Two remedies suggest themselves. The first must be given by specialized experts. Persons having particular knowledge should themselves use the right of free speech, and give the lie to these misinformed, interfering free-lancers. Superficial critics have not a monopoly on speech; the weapon of language is available also to learned men. And because the weapon in the hands of the latter will be enforced by something much more substantial than ignorance, the former will either have to turn and flee or else be talked and laughed out of existence.

The second remedy may be administered by anyone. A little less attention should be paid to writers who trespass on territory foreign to their knowledge. A facile pen and a nimble wit do not justify a man's condemnation of theories founded upon real, albeit technical, reasons. Yet—to cite one instance—the opinion of a small-town minister on criminal procedure is generally accorded as much respect as that of a Supreme Court Justice. The fallacy here is evident. A presumption, at least, should exist in favor of the man who has specialized knowledge of the subject at hand. Editorials in a country weekly are not so valuable as treatises in the *American Journal of Political Science*. Though both are privileged as to speech, they are not equal in reason. A jack-of-all-trades discoursing on a subject that has somehow aroused his ire, is not on the same plane with a master of that subject. The latter should be given the preference. Free speech is not a justification for ignorance.

"When You Say That, Smile"

Some More or Less Serious Notes on the Westerner.

JOHN O'NEILL

HAVE you noticed the number of magazine articles of late in denunciation of the Westerner and his West? A new "movement" has started, it would seem: another of those too-frequent attempts to reform our poor old world. I thought it was about time for a movement. Sooner or later the attraction of the West for vacationists would arouse alarm "back home." And so the great heart of the East (which often seems strangely near the pocket) has been touched and now overflows with advice for the poor, primitive Westerner. In a recent issue of the SCHOLASTIC I was attracted by an article on the Westerner, not because it showed any intended allegiance to such a crusade, but it clearly illustrated how easily the Easterner and the Westerner misunderstand one another.

I am one of those "horrible examples" referred to in the article by the newest of our campus humorists. I am a Westerner. I do not intend, however, that this should be an answer to the playful "humor" of my Eastern critics. No, I feel somewhat in the character of Turgeniev's "Superfluous Man": Now that the world has found me, as a Westerner, unworthy of sympathy, I cannot see what harm there is in having my own poor say, before I pass into complete oblivion. But I do not wish to insinuate here that our Eastern Critic is lacking in a display of his promised humor. On the contrary, his remarks are even saturated with the most delicious comedy. Unfortunately, it is perhaps only a resident of the West who can see the fun in his ideas; but who will deny the wretched Westerner indulgence in this one heritage: a sense of the ridiculous?

Here I hasten to thank our critic for enabling me to make a discovery. I was laboring under the impression that no Easterner was so plunged in ignorance as to believe that the West is still the "gun-totin'," land of bad men and bronchoes. But I reckoned without the movies. The scientists should be notified at once. There is now one more specimen to place beside the Neanderthal Man and his distinguished brethren.

Easterners have often counselled me to think of the East in terms of commerce and big-business, and I must confess that I never dare enter an argument involving the West, for against that imposing array I could offer only such simple virtues as clean air and water, old-fashioned hospitality, and the beauty of a land with God's touch still fresh upon it. But perhaps big-business had something to do with the new "movement." It is easy to visualize the probable play behind the scenes: The movie theatre trust sees with alarm that the railroad trust is inducing people to break away from their stifling cities while the summer rates are in effect, go out West, and, incidentally learn that the movie version of the Westerner is all wrong. At this point the newspaper trust and the magazine-trust are called into the game and presented with free passes to the movies, and instructions. But perhaps I am wrong in laying all such sins at the door of Commercialism. Anyway, a sort of new Atheism has raised its head—a denial of "God's Country" or rather, of "God's Studio." The best antidote for such a malady is "Seeing America First."

If our critic really thinks that visiting Easterners are "poor, puny, wretches" and that they make a creditable showing when out of their element he should follow the trail of his gentle brothers out "roughing-it" in the West. I am sure, if a mere post-card scene drew admiration from him, the crimes committed upon such a scene in the name of vacation would make him shed tears of wrath. But how can I censure these Easterners? They are such jolly people; I am sure they too would weep if they retrace their steps (or rather, their flivver tracks). Yet it happens again every summer, like

the Vandal Invasion, but this time from the East. And always in the make of that mad army arise the funeral pyres of vacation repasts and the smoke of forest fires, like incense, praying to heaven for vengeance. And yet, who can blame the tourists—they are like guileless children as they go their way, wielding their deadly can-openers and matchboxes.

I sympathise with the Western "friend" of our critic. As a Westerner I am a bit slow in following fashions in etiquette, so that I naturally wonder at finding that one friend may hold up another as "a horrible example" in the same breath that he calls him "my friend." Perhaps it is just a bit of Eastern humor. I do know that when men began to lose their Eastern etiquette in the Old West and to place a nicer significance upon the word "friend" they stopped "totin' hardware"—and not until then. Perhaps it is well that there were so few vacation excursions to the West in those days.

I apologize if I have seemed controversial, or if I have been humorous in the Eastern fashion. A debate on this subject would only deteriorate (as many such have) into a silly contest of "tit-for-tat." What I started out to say is that we can follow no better advice than Chesterton's, whose sense of humor never fails him; "It is perfectly natural to be amused at a Dutchman for being Dutch or a Chinaman for being Chinese. In international relations there is far too little laughing, and far too much sneering." May we not apply this to inter-sectional relations as well?

The Chicago Kid

A Short-Story

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

THIS lad Congo Al had guts. When he hopped a fast freight he didn't swing himself on at a run; he would calmly take up his post next to the track, wrap his brawny arm around the braces of an oil car, let it lurch him cruelly against the sides, Then, when the tumult had subsided, would pull himself onto the run-way and placidly regard the swirling, rushing landscape.

I recall Congo Al's story of a typical Chicago kid.

"We were comin' out of Denver once," said Congo Al, "and the dicks were swarming all over the outgoing trains. And the yards were full of them, too. It was a Saturday afternoon, and I wanted to hit Chicago early in the week so I was pretty anxious to hop the rollers fast.

"Me and a pal were standin' along side the two main rails when we sees a good lookin', well dressed, frail, and peaked looking fellow comin' whistlin' down the track. He wore a derby and looked as if he just stepped out of a band-box.

"When I seen him I said to the pal: 'There's a typical Chicago Kid. Looks like he would faint if you flashed a nasty look at him.'

"He comes up and says: 'Hello, buddies. Looking for one East?'

"We admitted that we were, so he agrees to accompany. Pretty quick a fast freight comes along, pulling slow out of the yards. We hopped on, but no sooner had we got into a gondola than a dick popped over the side, balancin' a gat.

"'Out with you guys,' he snarled.

"We got off and he lined up and searched us. The Chicago Kid was nervous. When the dick got to him he got suspicious and pushed the gat right into the kid's ribs. 'No slick stuff,' he said. 'You're going to do 30 days in chain.'

"Then this kid, pale and shaking, poked the dick in the jaw, knocked him down, and we all beat it back of the U. P. warehouses. That was a typical Chicago kid. I kin tell 'em anywhere."

On Answering Letters

A Few Suggestions on a Difficult Problem

KARL MARTERSTECK

SOMEHOW in our letters we show a side of ourselves not readily observed; and while the impressions given may not be true, they do affect the judgments and attitudes of the reader. Just the day before vacation a friend confided to me that he actually feared receiving the first letter from a girl with whom he had become well acquainted and whom he liked very well, because he was afraid of a disillusioning. The relation between conversation and letter-writing is, however, close enough for us to say that if one is considered a bore for not being able to contribute to a conversation he should likewise be classed as stupid of he does not answer letters of his friends—if he cares to correspond with them. We know that not all letters require an answer; yet we should not be selfish enough to answer only those which will bring us a reward. To see this we have but to consider the spirit in which the letters we receive were written.

Every time we put off answering a letter we add much to the difficulty of accomplishing this obligation, and unless it is customary to allow a certain amount of time to elapse, we should answer our mail as soon as possible. It is easier to do it then, and we get better results. Very often we put off the answering so long that we are ashamed to write, or maybe we use this as an excuse for putting it off still longer. It is well to bear in mind that we are always pleased to hear from our friend and that we hate to be disappointed.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the joy of receiving a letter, but a recent experience of mine is fresh enough to suggest itself. The day was not unusual; just one of those frequent school days, but as I walked back to my room after lunch I felt that something or other was going to happen. So with pleasant tingle of expectancy I went up to look at the mail. My heart skipped at the sight of the letters. There was a big pile. Surely one would be for me. Eagerly I ran through them. What, no letter? Well, this was but a repetition of a thrice daily occurrence; yet I could not reconcile myself to it. Down to my room I went, moodily muttering about cruel-hearted people.

I saw a fresh white envelope on my desk as I opened the door; but I was wary. The sting of too many disappointments made me unwilling to be lifted for another drop; yet, surely enough, the letter was for me; but from whom? and from where? The writing was unfamiliar, and the post mark Detroit. Aglow with enthusiasm I opened it. It was from good, old Mike, a true pal and a real man.

The letter? it wasn't so long; and there wasn't so much in it; but just a word here, and now and then a phrase, brought back a thousand homely memories. Good old Mike. Yes, I would have to sit right down and send him a long, fat letter. And I did.

There are a few definite rules to be followed in answering letters. One is to have the letter you are answering before you. In this way a certain sequence can be followed, and you can do away with the fear of overlooking anything in which the absent pal might be interested, for as one author says, "Few things in life are more annoying than to ask questions in a letter and to have either no answer at all or an answer that is vague or obscure. Carelessness in regard to the correspondent's point of view often leads to cross-purposes and estrangement between friends, or to a very unfavorable impression on the part of a stranger."

But one thing need be added: the personal letter is one place where we may talk about ourselves—it is expected that we do.

Cupid Listens In

At Christmas Vacation
Love, is it fair to strew my stony path
With redheads, blondes, brunettes, and then to laugh
At my discomfiture? Come, be yourself,
Your tricks do not become so fair an elf.

Aw, Love, be square, and take my coat and hat,
A lung, or leg, and let it go at that.
Take anything you want to call your own,
Ah, Love, do that, but let my heart alone.

At Prom Week
Say, Love, a different plea I now would make.
Bring on your pretty girls, and I will take
Them all. Redheads, brunettes, and blondes are fun,
But let mine ever meet and I'm undone.

You've made my bed, now help me lie in it
(I fear it's fire, and I must fry in it).
Do all the tricks you will with my poor heart,
But please keep those I've lied to far apart.

—THOMAS CALLED JIMMY.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

A Nameless Miniature

Chinese brocade—
Black, purple, red,
Green and gold
Woven into fantastic
Dragons that belch
Forth flames, and
Evil-looking
Mandarins with
Eyes of emeralds—
Hangs in the
Grey-walled
Cold museum.
Visited by tourists,
Sightseers, who rush
Through the silent
Halls

"Oh, here is some
Chinese, ah, I guess
Embroidery.
Funny-looking stuff.
Why, Mrs. Smith,
Down in our home
Town can make
Better embroidery
Than I ever saw, etc., etc.
The mandarin grins
Wickedly and his
Emerald eye regards
Unwinkingly
The stupid tourist.
The dragon leers
And shoots forth
Ruby-tinted flame.

—*The Golden Cytherea*

SPORT NEWS

Two Badger Fives Wilt Before Notre Dame

Coach Meanwell, eminent cage tutor of the University of Wisconsin, has a warm spot in his heart for the Irish in everything except basketball, his own favorite sport, now. What feeling of love and cameradie he did have for Coach George Keogan's quintet was entirely dispelled Tuesday night at Madison, when Captain Nyikos and his men proved extremely rude and unsociable guests by submerging their friendly hosts, by a 19-14 count.

It was no lucky or fluky victory that the Gold and Blue achieved either; it was a well-fought and well-earned triumph over a combination which is now, and always has been, in the very thick of Big Ten and Western basketball honors. The contest was hailed by competent critics and experts to be the outstanding floor battle of the current season, and the result justifies to the very letter, all that was said about it. A more brilliant, yet cleanly-played contest could not have been asked for, and the five points separating the friendly rivals just about tell the difference of superiority of the Keoganites over their opponents, better than anything else.

The smooth passing, clock-like offensive and defensive tactics of the Badgers, hitherto well-nigh invincible to the majority of the Red and White's other opponents thus far this season, met its real nemesis when it was pitted against an Irish offensive and defensive of like proportions. The defense of the hosts reached its climax in the first period, wavered at the beginning of the last half, and broke long enough during the last few minutes of play to enable their guests to bag the long end of the count.

So evenly matched were the friendly enemies that the result was in doubt until the last moment of play, with the lead changing hands as often as the stone-wall defense of both teams would crack for a moment and allow a score to trickle through.

Wisconsin inaugurated the initial scoring of the evening when Andrews, stellar forward of the Madison institution, cut the cords for a beautiful two-pointer from near mid-court. Nyikos, the Irish captain, evened the count a minute later when he sunk one of like proportions and the battle was off to a flying start. Both teams fought desperately from these opening tallies on, with the lead continually see-sawing back and forth until at the half the score read 10-10 in nobody's favor.

After the second period was several minutes old Nyikos sent his agrgegation into the lead by an under-the-basket shot, followed soon after by Behr's two-point heave for the hosts, and then Crowe's basket to begin the visitors' final rally which the hosts were unable to overcome. The Red and White from then on kept the elusive Celts from scoring until the last few moments of play when the home defense weakened perceptibly to allow two-pointers by Crowe and Nyikos again, with several successful foul shots by the latter thrown in for good measure. These belated Irish tallies put the game on ice for Notre Dame and although the Badgers tried hard the few moments of play left, the Celtic defense completely smothered any potential rallies.

Captain Johnny Nyikos of Notre Dame, was the soul of the Irish attack and flashed one of the most scintillating games of his long career. In addition to holding the rival Badger centers Miller and Tenhopen to a single two-pointer between them, he broke loose four times for as many field-goals himself, from all parts of the floor. His all-around floor-playing featured the engage-

ment, and besides this his quartet of two-pointers together with a trio of successful foul tosses, gave him the high-scoring honors for the evening. Nkikos' teammates, inspired by their leader, followed his example and easily flashed the best brand of basketball that they have shown thus far this season.

Andrews was the big gun of the Wisconsin attack, and his pair of field-goals gave him premier scoring honors for the home crew. Hotchkiss and Barnum, the Red and White guards also displayed some commendable playing in continually keeping the Irish total down.

The lineup and summary:

NOTRE DAME (10)	B	F	P	WISCONSIN (14)	B	F	P
Jackym rf	0	0	1	Behr, rf.	1	0	0
Crowe, rf	2	0	1	Andrews, lf.	2	1	2
McNally, lf.	1	0	2	Miller, c	1	2	2
Nyikos, c.	4	3	2	Tenhopen, c	0	0	1
Conroy, c	0	0	2	Barnum, rg	1	0	1
aDhman, lg.	1	0	3	Hotchkissfi rg	1	0	0
				Kowalczyk, lg	0	0	2

—JOHN V. HINKEL.

IRISH DEFEAT MARQUETTE, 27-21

Marquette, conqueror of Creighton and several Big Ten schools, and recognized as one of the outstanding basketball combinations of the middle-west, succumbed to the sustained attack of Coach Keogan's aggregation of Notre Dame basketeers last Friday evening by a 26-21 count, in the Jesuit Gym at Milwaukee.

As indicated by the closeness of the score the Beer City lads put up a spirited resistance against the whirlwind attack of their guests before they were forced to accept the short end of the tally. Led by their ace, Ervin Herte, who incidentally was performing for the last time in a blue and white basketball suit, they battled the invaders tooth and nail. But, as usual with the majority of the quintets the Keoganites have met in the past two years, their efforts were in vain, and Captain Nyikos' men were not to be denied in achieving their eleventh triumph in twelve starts this season.

The Irish seemed wearied because of their several hundred mile trip to the largest city in Wisconsin, and started the game in a very listless fashion. On the other hand Marquette opened up the festivities as if she meant business, and as in the previous Michigan State game before the Keoganites knew it, they were on the short end of a 6-0 score as a direct result of Dunn's pair of successful charity tosses and E. Herte's two sensationel loopers from near mid-court. These scores awakened the Celts out of their sluggishness however, and before long the alien lead was quickly cut down, and with all hands contributing to the scoring, the Gold and Blue crew soon pulled away from their opponents and enjoyed an 18-12 lead at half time.

Marquette's defense tightened up considerably during the entire second half and they succeeded in holding their guests to a trio of two-pointers and a like number of charity tosses. Although the same time though Coach Keogan's men were applying the breaks to their hosts and by a singular coincidence limited the alien offensive to a like number of scores.

The game was exceedingly rough throughout the forty minutes of play and no less than twenty-five fouls were called on offenders from both combinations.

The Herte brothers of the Jesuit quintet were the main cogs in the Milwaukee machine, and gave a wonderful defensive and offensive exhibition. Ervin Herte also carried off the scoring honors of the battle by garnering two field-goals and a trio of one-pointers.

The entire Notre Dame team played their usual bang-up game of clever basketball, with "Vince" McNally, stellar forward, shading the rest of his mates somewhat by his consistently brilliant playing. —J.V.H.

To prevent any letter man from turning professional while he is an undergraduate and eligible to compete in athletics, the University of Pennsylvania has made a ruling that he will be denied his letter and banned from the varsity club.

BASKETBALL
TRACK

AMONG INTERHALL ATHLETES

SWIMMING
HOCKEY

Continuing its display of brilliant basketball, the Carroll Hall five attained its third straight win last Sunday morning when it defeated Walsh, 13 to 12, in the most exciting game yet played among interhall athletes.

Held to a miserable field goal in the first half, the Purple rushed the Walsh quintet off its feet shortly after the opening of the last period and ran its score to 13 while the Walsh five was resting content with two field goals and a foul toss.

Heisenkamp led the Carroll five with three field goals and a pair of foul points. Sorin and Carroll are now tied for the league leadership. The summary:

WALSH	Fg	Ft	P	Tp	CARROLL	Fg	Ft	P	Tp
R. Gomez, rf	0	2	2	2	Heisenk'p, lg	3	2	0	8
Tavares, rf	0	0	0	0	Fay, rg	0	0	0	0
Frentas, lf	1	0	1	2	Kellegh'n, rg	0	0	0	0
V. Gomez, c	1	2	1	4	Walsh, rg	0	0	0	0
McCabe rg	2	0	3	4	O'Keefe	0	1	1	1
Carey, lg	0	0	0	0	Welchous, c	0	0	1	0
Luckets, lg	0	0	0	0	Bischko, rf	0	0	0	0
					Malloy, rf	0	0	1	0
Totals	4	4	7	12	Medland, rf	0	2	0	2
					Gilberts', lf	0	0	B1	0
					Sullivan, lf	1	0	0	2
					Totals	4	5	4	13

Referee — Cody; Umpire — Flewelling; Scorer — Reaume and Eaton.

SORIN 28; BADIN 13

Sorin, usually hors de combat in interhall athletic matters, demonstrated its basketball prestige for a third time Sunday when it easily defeated Badin and mounted to the top of the western division.

Sorin maintained a steady attack throughout the game, holding an 8 to 6 lead at the half and piling it up to a 15 point margin at game time.

The right forward position was conspicuous for Dan Moore, who started at that job, sunk five field goals and Bernie Abrott, who took over the reins after a while, almost made enough fouls to be deported.

HOWARD 12, OFF CAMPUS 15

Showing the peppery teamwork which characterized their initial contest, Off-Campus athletes won a closely contested game from Howard, 15 to 12.

At the half, Coleric's Howardmen were in the van, 8 to 6, but the uncanny basket shooting of Smith, running guard for the Dodgers, shoved the Howard five into the low end.

BROWNSON 12, FRESHMAN 9

A Freshman basketball army tried every strategy in trying to win from Brownson but ended up on the light side of a 15 to 9 score, Sunday.

Father Mooney and Vince McNally called upon fourteen tossers to stop the Brownson five but none of them could get within three field goals of the Bearcats. Score at half time was 8 to 3.

Meehan's three field goals and two foul tosses marked him as the leading scorer on the court.

SUNDAY'S LINEUP

10:00—Badin vs. Lyons.
11:00—Corby vs. Sophomore
1:30—Brownson vs. Howard
2:30—Walsh vs. Day
3:30—Sorin vs. Morrissey.
4:30—Carroll vs. Freshman.

TENNIS HONORS FOR IRISH SOPHOMORE

Another Indianapolis native was honored early this week when the United States Lawn Tennis Association, in making its annual tennis nominations, named Thomas J. (Bud) Markey, of Sophomore Hall, as twenty-first ranking player in national junior tennis.

Markey, who was captain of last year's freshman team at the University, is one of the most versatile netters ever developed in the Hoosier state and a place of prestige in American tennis annals is predicted for him.

NOTRE DAME TO MEET THREE TRADITIONAL FOES IN DAY'S CAMPAIGN

Those grandstand celebrities, who take pleasure in sitting in on athletic contests and starting miniature controversies about records and sport luminaries, will have opportunity for a prolonged session Saturday.

The most intensive sport program offered at Notre Dame in the past three years will get under way Saturday afternoon when Coach DuBois' hockey six meets the strong Marquette University skaters and Coach Knute Rockne's Irish track squad competes against Illinois in the first home meet.

To climax the day's athletic feast, the Western Champions will meet a bitter foe, Franklin College, in what promises to be the most spirited hardwood encounter of the current season.

More than athletic interest will attach to the Saturday contests for some hundred members of the fairer sex, guests of Notre Dame juniors for their annual Prom, will be honor guests at all the games. According to Manager Beretz special sections will be reserved for Prom guests.

After attempting the most intensive program ever given to a Notre Dame hockey team, Irish skaters are working into the last part of the season with a maximum of dash and Marquette skaters should find Saturday's contest a hard one.

Although they have been defeated in their only meet thus far, Captain Della Maria's scanticlads are determined to outdistance their long-fought adversary, Illinois, in the first home meet. Coach Gill is never without excellent material at the Illinois stronghold and this year he is said to have an unusually strong team in the field events and ample power in the track and hurdles.

Franklin needs no introduction to Irish basketball fans for twice the southern Indiana team has kept Notre Dame from a perfect mark with a close-margined victory. Nyikos, McNally and mates are out for blood this time and a capacity crowd is due to see the struggle, athletic officials stated in the week.

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NO ONE CARED VERY MUCH
GHOUL POST III.

Once he had been an athletic star at Notre Dame.

That was thirty years ago, way back in the late nineties, when football was a man's game and slight physical pain did not inspire mad grimaces for the hero worshippers in long lines of stands to applaud.

He was an attorney now, one of the most respected men in his city, and a powerful force in all the things that go to make up life. A white thatch covered his head and a wealth of wrinkles was on his face. He was beginning to bend a little and a slight unsteadiness, perhaps born of the nervousness and tension of old age and sapping vitality, marked his step.

With his family, he came back for a basketball game one day last January. He took a justifiable pride in showing his wife and children around the campus and through the buildings, many of which had been aging when he was a college lad here thirty years ago.

The game was over that Saturday night and he was caught in the rush toward the doors. Pressed against the walls by the young gallants who were so anxious to get into the open, he came across a strange sight.

It was a faded, yellowed picture, set in the low corner of a dust-covered glass case. It was a photo of the team of 1897, the team he had played on. There was a little gusto in his manner as he showed his wife the picture, and lifted the smallest boy up so that worthy could smear his shiny nose on the filthy case and glorify the "daddy" that was a fullback in '97.

"You'd think that more than a mere picture would be kept to remember the teams, wouldn't you?" The wife spoke.

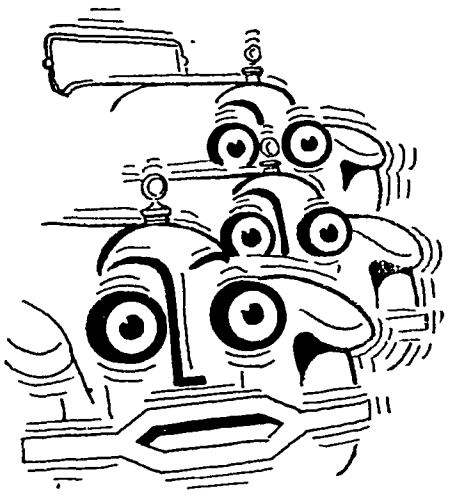
The statement was startling. He had been thinking the same thing all along. His wife had said it for him.

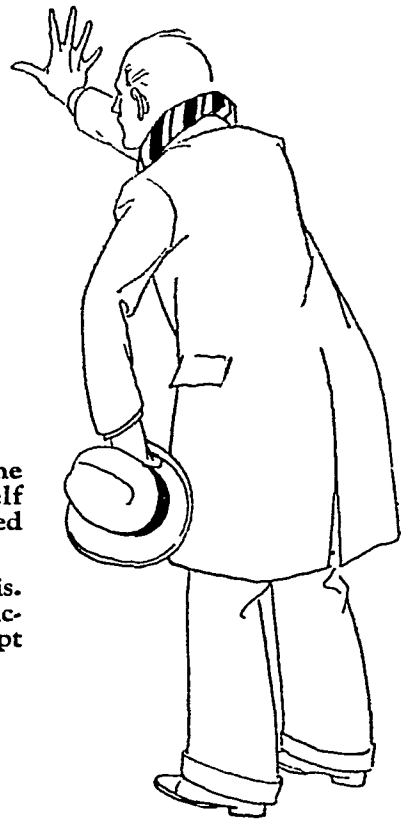
"Yes, I'd think so," he answered, purpling a little.

"That's the way they do things these days.'

"Yes," he returned, "I guess no one cares."

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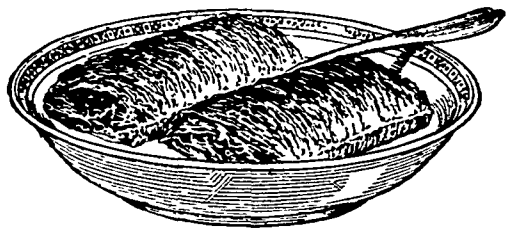
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